APOCALYPTIC HORSEPLAY

BY BOREDMAN

UGH. GROSS.

CAN WE GET A MOVE ON? I HATE HOSPICES.
THEY MAKE ME NAUSEOUS.
REALLY? I THOUGHT YOU'D BE HAVING SOME FUN HERE.
PLENTY OF GOOD SICKNESS TO GO AROUND.

PLEASE. EVEN THE GERMS HERE ARE BORING.

THESE PLACES MAKE DISEASES TASTELESS AND COLORLESS. AND EVERYTHING STINKS OF SOAP AND BABY POWDER.

WHY DID YOU INSIST WE START HERE?

COULDN'T WE GO TO A PUB OR SOMETHING?

ARE YOU KIDDING? THIS PLACE'S GREAT.

ALL THESE OLD FOLKS AND THEIR GROWING RESENTMENT. ABANDONED BY LOVED ONES AND SLOWLY DYING IN COMPLETE INDIFFERENCE WHILE THE WORLD KEEPS SPINNING.

IT'S THE PERFECT PLACE TO LOAD UP ON FEAR AND HATRED.

LOAD? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

WE'VE NEVER HAD TO LOAD UP BEFORE.

NOT US, DUMMY. THIS.

IT'S FEEDING ON THEIR ANGER AND RAGE AS WE SPEAK.

WE MAY NOT HAVE THE RANGE OF THE ORIGINAL HORSEMEN. BUT IF WE USE THEIR WEAPONS, OUR INFLUENCE COULD BE TWICE AS STRONG.

IS... IS THAT...?

PESTY'S BOW. I'VE BEEN HOLDING ONTO IT SINCE THE WAR.

FIGURED IT MIGHT COME IN HANDY SOMEDAY.

AND WHAT ARE THOSE?

SCALES. THEY BELONGED TO FAMINE.

BUT I NEVER UNDERSTOOD HOW TO USE THEM.

I CAN HELP YOU WITH THAT.

AH, GER. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

DOWN-STAIRS, AT THE CAFETERIA.

KILLING SPREES SURE CAN BUILD UP AN APPETITE.

LET ME SEE THOSE.

HEM... GUYS?

LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE ALREADY CALLED THE COPS ON US.

SHOULD WE BAIL?

ALREADY ?

ON THE CONTRARY, THEY GOT HERE JUST IN TIME.

LET ME GIVE YOU A DEMONSTRATION.

KRRR

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRHH

RRAAWWWWRRH

NOW PICTURE THIS, GUYS.

WHAT'S HEINOUS...

INFECTIOUS ...

AND HUNGRY FOR HUMAN FLESH?

ALRIGHT THEN.
LET'S GO MAKE SOME ZOMBIES.